



Scene From The "Red Feather" at the Columbia.



Billie Gold, in "Superba" Academy.



Joe Welch in "Cohen's Luck," Lafayette.

Two Rare Comedies

"The Eternal Feminine" and the Amazons—"The Girl From Kay's"—Mr. Hackett's New Play—"Red Feather" Again.

Whosoever read of "The Eternal Feminine" last week and saw it not, the same hath suffered a great loss. Herr Misch, the author; Miss Anglin, the star, and Mr. Perley, the producing manager, have alike contributed to one of the most enjoyable plays produced on the American stage for many years. Its comedy has a tang of unpleasantness. The play lacks compactness. It was not altogether tactful in the author to emphasize the unbecoming of a virago like the queen's chief counselor. This is all the fault the most capacious could note. In every other respect "The Eternal Feminine" is an unalloyed delight.

There is no purpose to repeat here the review which The Times published last Tuesday. It is not inappropriate to suggest, however, that after the first act this play became one of the most poetical offerings in the observation of this generation. The text hammered into English was still impressive, fluent, rich, and fanciful—as much so as many of Shakespeare's finest passages. What a delight it must be in German! Indeed, third and fourth acts were indeed, of a class with "Twelfth Night" and "As You Like It," though the observing will note that only two of the four acts are placed in that high grading.

Who Were the Amazons?

One effect of the engagement was to arouse a sudden interest in the Amazons. If they ever existed and were half so lovely as Miss Anglin and her attendants it is no wonder that Lyndar was taken captive twice. Quintus Curtius described them as "fabled tribes or warlike communities of women in Syria, Asia, and Africa," observing:

"They were said to be descendants of Sythians of Cappadocia, where their husbands, having made incursions, were slain in ambushes. The widows formed a feminine state, declaring matrimony a shameful servitude."

The Amazons were said to have been conquered by Theseus about 1211 B. C. According to Homer they were allies of the Trojans in the siege of Troy, where their queen, Penthesilea, was slain by Achilles. "The Amazons," says Curtius, "and for ease in handling their weapons their right breasts were destroyed (whence their Greek name). About 430 B. C. their queen, Thalestris, visited Alexander the Great, in Asia, with 300 women in her train."

Only a Fairy Tale.

Most men feel the student's interest in the Amazons as an illustration of the curious disposition of their ancestors to indulge their fancy. Stories of their travels, and they are now supposed to typify the dangers which beset the ancient mariner. In later days they were discovered by Holland Dutch voyagers who explored the Essequibo and other rivers in the northern part of South America. Francisco Orellana, a Spaniard, coming from Peru in 1540, sailed down the Amazon River to the Atlantic, and with his men saw armed women on the banks. Therefore, they named the Marañon the Amazonia, and the myth took on new life.

Reading of Amazons in one's library, however, is a very different thing from

OUTDOOR LIFE FOR GRACE VAN STUDDIFORD

Prima Donna Finds Time to Play Golf and Tennis and Keep Kennel of Dogs.

Playfolk, like others, have recreations of which the lovers of the theater know little. This is the day of outdoor life and sport for Grace Van Studdiford, the star of "Red Feather." In the course of the Philadelphia season, of "Red Feather," while the chorus was singing the opening number in the second act of the opera, a reporter felt, rather than saw, his way among the shadows of the scenery. Within an arm's length were the red curtains that separated the audience from the regions beyond. The prima donna, in her conspirator's dress, was sitting in the alcove of the ballroom, waiting for her cue.

The first impression of Miss Van Studdiford is that of sturdy good health. She says that she scarcely knows what illness is. To what does she ascribe her physique? Devotion to outdoor life, she says. But let her speak for herself.

"The stage does not claim me for its own for twelve long months of the year. Oh, no; that would be too much of a good thing. During the summer I hurry to get away from the prompter, musical director, and stage manager. I have a home in the suburbs of St. Louis, you know, and dogs, horses, golf, and tennis. With these I manage to get benefit to myself—health and enjoyment. It is simply glorious to live out of doors. I would rather be in the open than anywhere else in the world—no, not exactly that, for I would rather sing and feel that people enjoyed my singing than anything else; but, next to my music, I love the air-free, open, untrammelled."

Dogs, Golf, and Tennis.

"The outdoor life has never palled on you, then?"

"There is a strange question. I can't see how outdoor life would ever pall on anyone. When at home I am almost in a heaven of delight. We have a small kennel there, but all of the dogs are so handsome and interesting! A romp with any one of them or the entire pack will take away all that tired feeling that one acquires in ordinary life. There is more pleasure and companionship with a good dog than anything outside of a human being. There is as much intelligence in some dogs as some persons ever show in a long life."

seeing them on the stage. Women with the bearing of men are never pleasant objects; the stage makes them vividly unpleasant. So it is that the first act of "The Eternal Feminine" is nightly unpleasant for those who find no humor in the aspect of woman warriors, and borders on burlesque for those who do find humor in it. This is the tang of unpleasantness to which reference has been made.

The air of the classics was balanced by the very modern air of "The Girl From Kay's." Here is a farce, capable of being played without music, but set to light airy, pleasant jingles and performed with zest.

This Week's Promise.

Mr. Hackett begins his season at the National in a new play, "The Fortunes of a King." As explained elsewhere, the authors are experienced, and the subject matter is interesting. The role will no doubt correspond to the other roles in which he has succeeded, these past few years, beyond all competitors. In this connection his essay, printed in another column, on the artistic superiority of the romantic play, has an extra interest. We ought not to forget, however, that Charles II, whose personality he assumes in "The Fortunes of a King," was one of the worst scamps and most degraded blacklegs unchanged.

Mr. De Koven's admirable opera, "Red Feather," reappears at the Columbia. Miss Van Studdiford is a splendid comic opera star, her offer-

"Aside from the dogs, it is a matter of about equal importance whether I travel over the links or spend my time on the tennis court. I like the click of the ball against the racket. But what a joy to see the little white spheroid traveling through space after a good drive! I must confess, I would like to see the theater much better if I had golf links, tennis courts, or kennels attached."

The rise of Miss Van Studdiford has been rapid. Four years ago she confined her vocal efforts to church work in St. Louis. The beauty of her voice drew attention to her and she went first into vaudeville, then appeared as the prima donna of a comic opera organization. Now she is a star.

"Are ambition, voice, and hard work all that are required for success on the stage?" she was asked.

Self-Reliance Always Needed.

"You forget self-reliance," the actress replied with a laugh. "Many opportunities are lost through the lack of it—a single slip, a moment's diffidence, an opportunity unrealized. People on the stage must learn to acquire it. Let me tell you what I mean by an illustration."

"In New York the other day I got on a Broadway car at Fortieth Street and paid my fare at once. We had gone two blocks when the conductor again held out his hand and said, 'Fare.' I told him I had paid once already. In a brusque sort of way he accepted the statement and went to the rear platform."

"The car rattled along until Forty-fifth Street was reached. Once more the conductor in an insinuating way asked for a fare. Again I told him that he had it. The third request made me cross, but I said nothing until Fifty-fifth Street was reached. Then I signaled to the conductor to stop the car.

"As I passed the door he leered at me and asked, 'Did I get your fare?' This was my opportunity. 'You evidently did,' I said, and the reason I believe you did is that you failed to ring it up on the register. The company certainly never got it. I stepped to the street while the conductor tried to break the bell cord signaling the motorman to go ahead."

ing is musical, and the book is not unattractive. The engagement is likely to find wide popular favor.

The Lafayette supersedes "Cohen's Luck." Chase's continues its musical festival by making "The Fadettes," an entirely new musical comedy, though it is made up exclusively of women—successors to "La Basque Quartet." At the Academy "Happy Hooligan," an extremely good attraction for this house, steps in. Burlesque at the Lyceum is invariably.

New York still complains that the season is dull. It might borrow Washington's eyes for a while.

At the Theaters.

National—Hackett in New Play.

James K. Hackett's new play, "The Fortunes of a King," in which he will begin a week's engagement at the National Theater tomorrow night, is a romantic drama founded upon certain incidents in the checkered and very interesting career of Charles Stuart—afterward Charles II of England. The entire action of the play takes place during the sixteen days immediately following the battle of Worcester when Charles was defeated by Cromwell's army and was obliged to seek refuge in France. His escape from England was, of course, a perilous undertaking as he was pursued and harried by the Roundheads and to elude them was obliged to employ strategy as well as force of arms.

The authors of "The Fortunes of a King" are Mrs. Charles A. Doremus, who has contributed a number of successful plays to the stage, and Leonidas Westervelt, whose name is familiar to all readers of fiction. They have taken as few liberties with history as was possible in the circumstances and have endeavored to preserve absolutely the atmosphere and spirit of the time.

For Mr. Hackett the authors have written a role that is said to be better



Charlotte Walker.

HOW "THE FADETTES" CAME INTO EXISTENCE

Well-Known Orchestra Was Organized by Woman Thrown Unexpectedly On Her Own Resources.

The Fadettes Women's Orchestra of Boston is a monument, modest though it be, to the directive genius of a woman, Mrs. Caroline B. Nichols, its conductor. The story of Mrs. Nichols' founding the establishment of the women's orchestra is the familiar one of a woman thrown upon the world with no means of support except what her own ability can provide.

Mrs. Nichols is a Bostonian. A number of years ago it devolved upon her to enter upon an occupation. In taking an inventory of her abilities, Mrs. Nichols was confident that her musical knowledge could be put to advantageous use. She was considered somewhat of a generalist and a quick-sight reader. She had force of character. She taught, and little by little formed an orchestra of her pupils. She gave amateur concerts, and as her pupils progressed and increased, her sphere of operations was extended. Her little orchestra soon became a familiar and popular feature of musical life in Boston. Then her ambition vaulted toward the professional stage, and she commenced the formation of a larger orchestra.

"It was especially difficult," says Mrs. Nichols, in discussing her early experiences, "to make up an orchestra of women. The reason is nerves—simply nerves. It was so hard for me to find women who could maintain their composure and retain their skill under the

suited to his taste and temperament than any that he has ever before essayed. The actor has full opportunity to display his best ability in comedy, sentiment and deep emotion, and naturally he is finely adapted to represent a man of Stuart's physique and gallant bearing.

Charlotte Walker heads the supporting company and appears as the fascinating Jane Lane, for which character she is thought to be splendidly suited in looks and in dramatic temperament. Others in the cast whose names are favorably known to playgoers are James L. Seeley, Samuel Hardy, Frederick Webber, George Dickson, Peter Lang, Robert Holmes, Charles Chapelle, George Schaefer, Thomas A. Hall, E. L. Duane, Flora Bowley, and Eleanor Sheldon.

Columbia—Grace Van Studdiford.

"Red Feather" will be repeated at the Columbia Theater for one week, beginning next Monday evening. "Red Feather" has been proven one of the

eyes of a big audience. It is always a trying ordeal, even to those of the most stolid, phlegmatic nature. You can imagine, then, what a strain it is upon young girls, unaccustomed to such a thing and dreadfully nervous, so much so that such a thing as unison or concerted action is an impossibility.

"Of all the cities in America, Boston has more musically accomplished women than any other. And yet, out of scores of applicants and aspirants I was not able to pick more than twenty-five that have since met the requirements of their position, and such vacancies as occur among my musicians are equally as difficult to fill. We travel as one big family and the mothers of several of the young ladies accompany us and serve as chaperons under my supervision, as you can imagine it would be a harder task than I desire to undertake to rehearse these young ladies, to direct them at performances, and then to look after them away from the theater, on trains, and at hotels.

"I am proud to say that no other women's orchestra has endured so long as the Fadettes, and my ambition looks into the future with rosy views of a long and honorable career for my orchestra. Of course, it will change from time to time or it will be necessary to include my girls in the same category as the funny papers do ballet dancers who are popularly supposed to be grandmothers off the stage."

most thoroughly entertaining operas that has ever appeared in this city, in which Mr. de Koven seems at his best, and Grace Van Studdiford is happily cast.

Miss Van Studdiford has been described as a veritable storage battery of music, who never short-circuits. The same writer says of her as Red Feather: "It is the purest pleasure in the world to watch her and hear her. Your eyes are taking in her refreshing beauty; your ears are drinking in the beautiful melody of her voice. And it's a voice of power as well as of beauty. She isn't afraid to cut loose with it. And when she does your musical nerves tingle with delight."

"That's the way Miss Van Studdiford's singing affects you. You don't have to be up in the classics. All you have to know is that you're being given a rare treat. And then you join the others in whacking your palms sore for an encore. Her entrance song is a gem; whether it's her triumph or de Koven's

WHY REALISM FAILS TO RIVAL ROMANCE

James K. Hackett Writes on Art Principle Which Underlies Comparative Failure of "Old Homestead" Drama.

I have been asked more than once, by friends who are interested in my artistic welfare, why I elect to remain loyal to the romantic drama at a time when the majority of my comrades in the theater are turning to plays of modern life, modern manners and modern problems. In its practical phase the question almost answers itself; since, as the public constantly demands romance on the stage, the fewer that remain in the field to supply the want the better it is for me.

Beyond that, and far more than that, my reason for continuing to present romantic plays is that I am heart and soul a disciple of that artistic cause. I thoroughly believe in the value of romance—aside from all questions of beauty and charm—and, I am happy to say, the public seems much inclined toward my way of thinking.

To my notion it is a fine thing to release the minds of men and women, even for the short space of time that they are in the theater, from the petty concerns of everyday existence. The romantic drama accomplishes this, and awakens slumbering emotions precious to every man that, in modern life, are seldom brought to the surface.

The realistic drama, presenting modern characters in present day situations, merely emphasizes the cold, barren, unemotional life that we of this day and generation are obliged to live. Moreover, each play of this sort must needs have its own audience, made up of men and women whose personal experiences in life have qualified them to understand and appreciate the complexities in which the characters are placed. Thus a play that is catbathed in the highest degree by certain classes in London or New York may seem utterly stupid to audiences in other cities, and even to persons of other classes in those very same cities.

Romance, on the other hand, speaks to all humankind. It awakens hope, ambition and courage in the heart of youth, and to old age it comes as a grateful reminder of old dreams.

I take it that the province of the stage

is largely to supply that which is absent from our lives; to foster the beautiful that has grown up and bloomed in every age; to garner the best ideals of the centuries past and to preserve them in the minds of men for the benefit of generations yet to be. Here enters the matter of realism on the stage. It is, to my mind, a profitless undertaking to present the sordid details of the life that surrounds us, ignoring the while the great emotions that appeal to every heart. Two hundred or three hundred years hence, when time has blotted out the ugly things—which are always the little things—from the records of our generation the great romance of American life as it now is may be written. The romance of the great emotions will endure; the realism of petty things will fade away and be forgotten.

Personally, I cannot quite see the value of what is called 'stage realism.' However well it is done—and there are true masters in that field now before the public—it strikes me as little more than dramatic photography. My notion is that art, in any of its provinces, is rather more than that.

Art should idealize, not merely reflect. Realism strikes me as being a reflection—skillfully managed, it is true, but after all only a reflection. The ideal of life is lost in the confusion of minor details.

If, for example, in my present play of "The Fortunes of a King," I should portray Charles Stuart exactly as he was in the trifling incidents of his daily life, much of the charm of the character, the greater and better values, would be lost.

Elimination and idealization, to my understanding, are the two great elements of art. Realism is a handicap to real art, and it is a full, full handicap at its best falls far short of reality, and ordinarily reminds one only of those things which might better be forgotten. Romance, on the other hand, preserves the best, and by so doing elevates, charms, and makes glad the heart of whosoever listens to its song.

JAMES K. HACKETT.

on an equal degree of enthusiasm. Mrs. Caroline B. Nichols conducts the Fadettes, and her effective work with the baton adds to the enjoyment.

Edmund Day will present "The Sheriff," his latest success, and he has engaged a capable company to aid him in its presentation. The theme is said to be full of the color and atmosphere of the West around the Rockies.

Bert Howard and Leona Bland will offer "The Stage Manager." Mr. Howard's eccentric piano playing is an accepted feature of vaudeville. Monologue is the forte of Paul Barnes, the eccentric comedian, whose engagement adds to the list. The Aerial Shaws will submit an act upon the trapeze. Mr. and Mrs. Waterhouse, vocalists; Coakley and McBride, black-face comedians, and motion pictures of the living fan will be offered also.

Academy—New "Superba."

At the Academy this week "Superba" comes for its annual engagement, with the promise of new things for the delectation of those who annually follow the romance and adventures of the pantomimic lovers and clowns into the mysterious and diverting country in which the scenes of "Superba" are enacted. Changes in all lines is the promise of the Hanlons for the new "Superba," not only the stage settings and company being new, but the book of the play having been rewritten and brought up to date in many ways.

The ballet is the highest salaried organization of its kind on the stage and in the Parisian, Dutch, Fodde, and other special numbers it will be seen at its best.

The entire company is new this season and includes besides the five Hanlons, Pearl Ford, Belle Gold, Adelaide French, Elsie Baird, and Marie Best, John H. Haslem and William Zhell.

Lyceum—Rice & Barton Company.

Rice & Barton's Extravaganza Company appears at the Lyceum next week. Charles Barton, "The Major General of Comedy," and Bert Baker, recently starring in "Yon Yonson," are the chief